

Invasion

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Summary: It is two generations after Hiccup, and a group of Vikings are invading the Isle of Berk. Will the Vikings succeed in taking over the Isle?

1. Chapter 1

Hawkwing, more widely known as Lucky, was a hunter. He was one of the best hunters in the Isle of Berk, and usually caught the biggest deer or other beast out of all the full grown men. He was extremely skilled with arrows, and hardly ever failed to hit a target, moving or stationary. He wasn't very tall, but he wasn't the shortest either. In many ways, he was average.

But there were other ways that he was very different. Very, very different.

In order for you to understand this story we'll go back in time about two yearsâ€¦

-ZAP-

Hawkwing was flying on his Night Fury named Blade. They had been together as long as they could remember, and no one had seen a boy and a dragon so close sense Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III had walked the Isle. Blade was different from other Night Furies because he had bright blue eyes instead of the normal piercing green. His wings were also bigger, letting him fly further and faster. He also could scratch out sentences in the dirt if something was wrong. You see, Hawkwing taught Blade nearly everything he knew.

Blade and Hawkwing flew over the mountains that made up Berk's Isle, looking for anything to take back to the Vikings.

"See anything?" Hawkwing asked.

Blade shook his head and suddenly took a steep

dive.

"AAAGGRRAAHHHH!" Hawkwing yelled as their diagonal dive turned into a straight up and down plummet to the hillside.

He just barely pulled up before he hit the side of the hill. Hawkwing could feel Blade's front paws drag across the ground, they were so close to crashing.

"What was that?" Hawkwing demanded.

Blade growled deeply, his way of telling Hawkwing that something wasn't right.

"Did you see someone?" Hawkwing asked.

Blade headed toward the ground again and landed this time; very gracefully near Raven's Point.

"So did you see someone?" Hawkwing asked, hopping off Blade.

Blade scratched something in the dirt. Strange person

"Like who?" Hawkwing asked.

Blade shrugged.

"We'd better get back to the village, then. We have to warn Kraken." Hawkwing climbed back on Blade's back.

Kraken is the village's leader. He's tough and would never turn down a challenge. He's also the father of Hawkwing's enemy, Syrenady. We'll talk about them in a bit.

Blade had just reached cruising altitude and was lazily drifting back and forth when something shot past them.

"What was that?" Hawkwing asked, looking worried.

Blade took a sudden dive to the left as something else shot past them.

"Are those ARROWS?" Hawkwing yelled, holding Blade tight.

Blade growled a reply and dived as another arrow zipped past them.

"Maybe we'd better land!" Hawkwing suggested.

Too late.

Blade let out a shriek as an arrow tore through his left wing. He began to fall.

"BLADE!" Hawkwing yelled, "Come on, Blade! Oh, NO!"

They crashed through some trees.

"Blade?" Hawkwing asked. He got up slowly because he had landed on a boulder. He felt that he had broken a few ribs. He feared that Blade

had gotten worse.

Blade was lying next to a tree on his back. His legs were splayed in some awkward positions, and Hawkwing thought he was dead at first.

"Blade?"

Blade managed to squeak. He fixed Hawkwing with an icy blue stare that said, _run_.

"I can't leave you!" Hawkwing protested. "You're my best friend!"

There was some movement in the nearby bushes and Kraken jumped out, brandishing an axe. Obviously he had seen them go down and landed from his daily flight around the island.

"Kraken!" Hawkwing yelled. "Some people shot us down! Blade's hurt!"

"My, my. This isn't good." Kraken muttered, looking at Blade. "Most of his wing is gone. We need to get him back to the village."

"No really." Hawkwing muttered. "But what about the guy?"

"Leave him to me." Kraken growled. "You're the luckiest kid I've ever laid eyes on."

And that's how Hawkwing came to be called Lucky.

-ZAP-

Back to present time.

Lucky was hunting. There was a contest held every seven days, and the hunter that brought the biggest deer or other thing that could feed the island, won. They usually won a day of doing nothing, with the other hunters hunting in their place, or they got to help with something else they usually didn't do. Lucky usually took Blade to the ocean so he could catch fish; their favorite food.

"Ok, little deer, come on, come out and stand really still so I can get youâ€!" Lucky said, not sounding very convincing (Any deer around that area that heard him aughta run).

There was a slight crunch of leaves and he turned to see the biggest buck he had ever laid eyes on.

"Here we goâ€!" Lucky nocked an arrow and quickly took aimâ€|.and let it fly.

Direct hit. Lucky was sure he had won the hunting contest yet again.

"Yes!" he ran over to the dead buck. "Yes, I am lucky! Oh. How the heck am I gonna bring this back to the village?"

Lucky took hold of the buck's antlers and tried to drag it. That was a dud.

He grabbed its legs and tied them together and tried to drag it. Still a dud.

He kicked it and cursed. That was really a dud because he startled a bird and it pooped on the buck's face.

"What the heck?"

"Wow, Lucky! Thanks for getting me the winning catch!" A sing-songy voice said behind him.

Lucky spun around to see Syrenady, who was laughing at the buck.

She wore a typical Viking hat with the horns and all. Her eyes were always narrowed and serious, and she was usually calm and didn't jump to conclusions. (Hence her name is Syrenady.) Her blonde hair was cut in different lengths around her head, the longest strands reaching the middle of her back. She wore a chain-mail shirt and black wool pants. She had a dagger sheath strapped to her left leg, but the dagger was in her hand. She had another sheath on her back, but this one was for a long and deadly sword, which she also had in one of her hands. She was currently standing in a position that made her look like a ninja.

"What'd you do, dump white paint on it?"

"Bird poop. Still want it?" Lucky asked.

"Sure." Syrenady grabbed the buck's legs and began dragging it back toward the village.

"That's mine!" Lucky protested, chasing after her. It didn't help that she was much taller than him.

"You want it?" Syrenady asked. "Then fight for it."

"You know I'm only good with arrows!" Lucky protested again. "How about a shooting contest?"

"I don't have my arrows or bow with me." Syrenady flipped the dagger and caught it in midair. "But I do have two blades with me."

"But one's shooooort!" Lucky said. "That's unfair!"

"Fine. Have the long one." Syrenady flipped the sword at him. "I'll still win anyway."

She took up a perfect fencing position; the puny dagger looking out of place. "You can go first."

Lucky didn't really want to stab a girl, but he kinda had to in order to win Blade a trip to the beach. "Uh, okâ€|"

He managed to lunge without tripping over his own feet and impaling himself on the sword, but he came up short by about a mile.

Syrenady easily dodged the wimpy attack, parried the sword, and did a perfect lunge that easily covered about five feet.

"AAAYAYYYAAAAAAGGHH!" Lucky sliced everywhere while backing up.

Syrenady blocked every slash and stabbed out again, grazing Lucky's cheek.

"OW!"

"I win." Syrenady sheathed her sword. "Give the dagger back."

"What? No!" Lucky protested, wiping blood away from his face. "I thought it was a fight to the death!"

"Well, obviously no." Syrenady said. "They still need people to clean up after the dragons, don't they?"

Lucky thought he was gonna blow. "Why, you!"

Needless to say, Syrenady won the contest off of Lucky's catch.

** LATER!..**

"Ok, sorry, Blade. No beach." Lucky said, dragging a bucket of fish into the dragon keep.

That was where everyone's dragons usually were, unless they got out (DUH). Blade usually kept to the back corners where he ate everything. Lucky was pretty sure that his stomach was a bottomless pit by the way he ate.

"Blade?"

Blade came bounding up, bouncing on some Nightmares along the way. They got ticked and growled.

"Yeah, I missed you too." Lucky said as Blade started poking at the bucket of fish. "How's your wing?"

Blade snapped out his wings, pushing a Gronkle into the corner and whacking a Zippelback. They also got ticked.

"Aren't you enthusiastic this morning." Lucky muttered, looking at Blade's wing. It was shredded horribly; he probably would never fly very far again, if not at all. At least it was healing. "Too much fish?"

Blade shrugged.

"Does your wing hurt?" Lucky asked.

Blade shrugged again.

"Ok, then I'll get some medicine." Lucky said, reaching into a huge bucket of fish.

Lucky held up a huge bass and Blade's eyes got really wide. He scratched out in the dirt: FEED ME.

"How do you spell 'please'?" Lucky asked.

Pleez. Blade wrote.

"Good enough." Lucky gave the fish to him and Blade swallowed it in one gulp.

By now all the dragons in the keep were ticked because Lucky was giving food to the dragon that stole all theirs. So naturally they started plotting their evil plan.

Blade stuck his head in the fish bucket and ate it all.

"There goes your lunch and dinner." Lucky said.

Blade got his head stuck in the bucket and he ran into a wall, startling another Night Fury that got ticked too. So the Fury went and joined the Evil Committee that was rapidly growing larger.

"So uh..sorry. No beach. Syrenady took my winning catch and claimed it to be hers." Lucky said finally.

Blade let the bucket fall from his face with a loud clang. Then he snickered.

"What's so funny? You don't get to go to the beach!" Lucky protested.

_ She likes you_. Blade wrote. _You like her_.

"I do not!" Lucky protested. "She's mean! Just because she's the chief's daughter!"

Sure. Whatever.

"Believe what you want." Lucky gave up. "And watch your back. These dragons look like they want to gut you."

Blade cast an evil glance at the Evil Committee, who were whispering and pointing and occasionally giggling in their weird dragon way.

Lucky headed for the stairs.

LATERâ€|.

One of the most skilled people with dragons in the entire village was a young girl that went by the name of Leaf, because of the constant green she always wore. Every article of clothing she would ever get, she would dye it in green paint. She usually kept to herself unless someone talked to her first, or someone started a rumor about her.

The weirdest thing about that girl was she was always one step ahead of all dragons. She always knew what their next move would be and if it was aggressive or not. Because of this talent she was one of the dragon experts of the village.

She was also Lucky's friend.

Lucky knocked on the door to her house. "Leaf? You here?"

"Yeah, Lucky! One second!" Leaf opened the door and fixed Lucky with a sky-blue stare. "Hi!"

"Hi. Do you have any of that medicine for Blade?" Lucky asked.

"The red stuff?" Leaf ran into the house.

"Yeah."

"Then I got it somewhere. Agh, where did I put it?" There was a crash. "I'm ok! That was just the—" There was another crash.

"Leaf? You really need to organize everything." Lucky called.

Leaf came running back with a small red bottle and her blonde hair frizzed out. "I got it!"

"Seriously though, think about cleaning." Lucky said, taking the bottle. "Thank you."

He headed back to the Dragon Keep.

When he got there he discovered that all the dragons stacked their food in a corner and were fiercely guarding it in a semicircle from Blade.

"What did you do now?" Lucky demanded.

Blade broke off from hissing at a Gronkle and gave Lucky a guilty look.

"Ok, never mind. Here's some stuff for your wing." Lucky uncapped the bottle and the sweet aroma of berries and herbs filled the room surprisingly fast.

A lot of the dragons quickly took advantage of Blade's distraction with the medicine and ate a lot.

Lucky spread the medicine along the rips in Blade's wing. "You've got to stop eating everything." He muttered.

As if in reply, Blade's stomach rumbled loudly.

"Oh, Thor." Lucky grumbled. "You've got to be kidding me."

Blade shook his head. _Need food._ He scratched in the dirt.

LATERâ€|.

Syrenady and her Nightmare, Legacy, were showing off how many fish they caught in twenty minuets.

"Thirty two!" Syrenady announced proudly.

Blade got really excited.

"They aren't all for you." Lucky reminded him.

Everyone was gathered out in the village square with their dragons, if they had one. It was a beautiful afternoon and everyone was planning on a huge feast later that day.

"Great job, Syrenady!" Kraken said. "Who wants fish for the main course?"

There was a loud cheer from the village. "With some venison too?" Leaf piped up.

"If you can catch it!" Kraken said. At least ten hunters ran forward and towards the woods, Lucky included.

"All right, I'll take some of you and we'll go this way." One of the biggest hunters said. "The rest of you go with Lucky. The group that catches the biggest deer wins a hunting free day!"

Lucky waved some hunters over to him. "Where should we go?" He asked.

"Probably down by the river. They tend to go there a lot, and the other group is heading towards Raven's Peak."

"Sounds good to me."

Everyone crept quietly through the forest, careful not to startle anything that could be used for food at the feast that afternoon.

They came to the river, which was overflowing its banks and turning the dirt to mud.

"See anything?" Lucky asked the tallest hunter.

"Not yet. But if we wait I bet you we'll get the good ones."

Everyone waited.

"This is taking too long." Said the tall hunter. "I'm going to search for myself." He got up and carefully walked off.

"There!" A hunter whispered, pointing. "Look at that buck!"

It was by far the biggest buck Lucky had ever seen. He slowly nocked an arrowâ€!

Loud war cries came from some nearby bushes and three Vikings jumped out, brandishing axes, swords, and bows. They ran for the buck.

The buck got startled and darted away from the Vikings as fast as it could, but the one with the bow brought it down in one swift move.

Lucky's hunting group was left staring. "What do they think they are? Those lousy, good for nothing—" Lucky trailed off as he realized he had never seen those Vikings before.

"Has anyone seen those guys before?" a hunter whispered. "I haven't seen them before!"

"Me neither." The tall hunter was back. "Do you think they're going to invade us?"

"We've got to tell Kraken about this!"

"But they're right in front of us. If we move, they'll see us and maybe kill us!"

"And if you keep yelling then they'll_ hear_ us and kill us." Lucky hissed. "Be quiet!"

Everyone got real quiet and watched the Vikings.

The one with the axe chopped the buck's head off and threw the head in the river. He laughed the entire time. The other two laughed too.

"That's sick." Lucky groaned.

"I think they're savages." Said the tall hunter.

The three Vikings began cutting the deer open. I won't go into horrible detail, but I'll just say they didn't take any part of it back to a village to be eaten. After they had their fun, they left, laughing so loud it was a miracle that every animal on the isle didn't swim away.

"Soâ€|they just killed it for _fun_?" a hunter exclaimed in disgust. "_We_ could have used that food!"

"I can't believe this!" Lucky said. "Come on! Let's tell Kraken!"

Everyone bolted for the village as fast as they could go.

"Kraken!" Lucky cried when they reached the village. "Kraken! This is important!"

Kraken walked up calmly towards them. "What is it? Did you get a buck so big you can't bring it back?"

"I wish!" The tall hunter said. "We found this huge buck, but before we could kill it, three other Vikings ran over to it and killed it and completely destroyed it!"

"What do you mean?" Kraken asked.

"Salvages!" The tall hunter continued. "They tore the buck apart, just for fun!"

Kraken's face got hard. "Where did you see these Vikings?"

"Over by the river, sir." Lucky said. "Do you want us to keep an eye out for them?"

"Of course. If you see them again, tell me where and when. Eventually they'll lead us to their village and we can get rid of them." Kraken said. "Either they go or we go."

2. Scouting

** CHAPTER 2, SCOUTING**

The feast continued as planned for that afternoon, but there was less talking and more tense attitudes.

Lucky finished his food and walked off to the dragon keep. He had a few scraps of fish in his pockets, and he planned to smuggle them down to Blade.

"Going somewhere?"

Lucky nearly slapped Syrenady in the face in his haste to turn around. "Oh! Syrenady! It's_ you_! I mean, it's you! Hi! Lovely day, isn't it? Bye!"

Lucky turned to keep walking but Syrenady grabbed his hair. "Where are you going?"

"Dragon keep!" Lucky squeaked.

"Just know I'm keeping a close eye on you." Syrenady whispered dangerously. "I think you're secretly helping those invading Vikings."

"Why would I do that?" Lucky asked. "I want to keep this island for our village, not hand it over to that murdering lot!"

Syrenady let him go. "there's a weird resemblance between you and some of those Vikings."

"Do I seriously look like I have bloodshot popping eyeballs and a long scraggly beard?" Lucky said in a dead tone.

Syrenady gave him a dangerous look. "Don't even joke about it." She stalked off.

"Yeesh." Lucky ran the rest of the way to the dragon keep.

-DRAGON KEEPâ€|-

"Hey, Blade, got some fish." Lucky said, entering the keep that was strangely quiet.

"Blade, I gotâ€|" Lucky trailed off.

The keep was empty. There wasn't so much as a fish left on the floor.

"KRAKEN!" Lucky ran out of the keep screaming. "KRAKEN! THE DRAGONS ARE GONE!"

A lot of heads turned as Lucky ran up to the feast table. "Kraken! The dragons are gone! All of them!" Lucky yelled. "I don't know what happened!"

Almost all of the Vikings got up and ran towards the keep to see it for themselves.

"They're gone?" Kraken sounded stunned. "How did they all just vanish while we're practically right outside the keep?"

"I don't know! But we've got to find them!" Lucky said miserably.

That night Kraken took a patrol of the toughest Vikings out to find the dragons. He thought if they found the dragons, they'd find the imposters.

Lucky thought it was weird, but he seemed to know that he was right.

"You're not thinking of going out there yourself, are you?" Leaf asked, startling Lucky out of his thoughts.

"What? Uh, no way." Lucky tried to act casual but failed miserably.

"Good, Cuz I'm coming with you." Leaf said. "We can find them together."

"What? You want to come?uh..ok." Lucky got caught off guard.

Leaf smiled and put a small vial of something in her pocket. "Then let's go."

They got out of the village without any trouble.

"Where should we go look?" Leaf whispered. The full moon cast enough light down to light their path.

Lucky suddenly remembered when he and Blade were shot down from the sky.

Something clicked.

The people that shot them down MUST have been the imposter Vikings but then why hasn't anyone in the Isle seen them before just a few days ago? Why did Syrenady think he was behind it? Why did they shoot him down instead of Kraken, who flew his dragon daily around Raven's Point?

"Raven's Point." Lucky said a bit forcefully. "I have an idea."

They slowly and silently made their way through the forest.

"Listen! Do you hear that?" Leaf asked.

Lucky got quiet and listened hard.

There were some shouts in the distance. Lucky could see a flicker of a torch heading their direction.

"Over here!" Leaf shouted from behind a couple of fat trees.

Lucky ducked down behind them and the small group of invading Vikings passed them, surprisingly quiet. They looked like they were headed toward the village.

"We've got a good group back home. We can go where they came from." Leaf pointed in the direction that the Vikings came from.

They hurried through the forest until Lucky heard a stick snap behind them.

Leaf and Lucky stood so still you could have mistook them for trees in the dim light.

"What was that?" Leaf whispered.

"I don't know, but I think we're being followed." Lucky whispered back.

"HYAAAAAAA!"

Someone knocked Lucky right off his feet and into a hard rock. "Help! Leaf!"

"What? Leaf?" the attacker yelled. "Then you must be Lucky? You bonehead! What are you doing out here? Kraken told everyone to stay in the village, unless you're one of THEM, you backstabbing, evil piece of s—" Lucky slapped his hand over the attacker's mouth.

"Syrenady?" Leaf whispered, sounding scared.

"Mmmmm-Hmmmm." Syrenady growled.

"Oh, good! We're on our way to find the Viking village!" Leaf said, losing all fear and sounding excited.

"Great. I was headed there too. I think Legacy might be there." Syrenady said. "Do you have any leads on where their village might be?"

"When Blade and I were attacked, we were attacked off of Raven's Point. We were headed there before we saw a small patrol of them pass us, heading to our village." Lucky said.

"Good idea." Syrenady said thoughtfully.

"So are you going to help us?" Leaf asked.

"For now." Syrenady said reluctantly. "Come on."

They trekked in the dark forest for a long time until they saw light and heard voices.

"Is that them?" Syrenady asked.

"I don't know. Follow me." Lucky said, climbing behind some trees and peering into the clearing.

"You're not gonna believe this." He said.

All the dragons from the village were in a large steel cage in the center of the clearing. There was a small fire going, cooking what looked like an entire roast pig. A huge, fat Viking was turning it on

a spit, looking bored. All of the dragons in the cage were dead quiet and never took their eyes off the pig.

"Is that all their security?" Leaf asked.

"I don't know." Lucky said. "So be careful."

That was three seconds before he got hit over the head with something very heavy.

3. Rescue the Rescuers

CHAPTER 3, RESCUE THE RESCUERS

Lucky's day wasn't the best, but it could have been worse.

He woke up tied to a tree with Syrenady and Leaf, both of whom looked like they were still out cold.

Directly in front of them was the dragon cage, and every pair of dragon eyes were trained on him.

Lucky looked around the makeshift camp, looking for any Vikings. The one turning the roast pig on the spit was gone, as was the pig and fire. "Anyone know how to get out of here?" Lucky whispered.

A few of the dragons cast evil glances at Blade as he shoved his way forward to see Lucky. He got very excited and nearly caused some Gronkles to get shoved through the bars. The entire cage groaned and leaned to one side.

"Blade, do that again." Lucky said. "Get the dragons to lean to one side."

The cage tipped violently to one side and the bottom fell off. Dragons zoomed out and claimed their personal space.

"Blade! Get us out." Lucky whispered.

Blade cut the ropes off of the three young Vikings. "Good, now can you bring these guys back to the village?" Lucky asked. "there's something I have to do."

Blade narrowed his eyes and scratched in the dirt: No way. I'm with you.

"Blade, this is dangerous and besides, your wings aren't the best for a quick getaway!"

Blade stood his ground and dared Lucky to make him leave.

"Ok, you know what? Fine. Where's Legacy? Get him to bring them back." Lucky had just barely finished that sentence when Syrenady's Nightmare stalked forward.

Lucky managed to revive Syrenady and the two of them helped get Leaf on board safely. "Lucky, I can help you too." Syrenady growled.

"Not with that black eye. You need to get that looked at." Lucky

said. "And besides, Leaf needs someone to make sure she doesn't fall off on the way back to the village."

Much to his surprise, Syrenady didn't argue back. "If you die, I'll kill you." Syrenady smiled. "Good luck."

Legacy turned and took off into the night.

Lucky turned and nearly twisted his ankle. Lying on the ground was the strange vial that Leaf had packed in her pocket when they left. Lucky decided to keep it corked in case it was some sort of bomb that reacted with the air.

Blade scratched in the dirt: What now? What's your plan?

"My plan isâ€œ| " Lucky said. "â€œ|to not get killed."

_ Very good plan_. Blade wrote sarcastically.

"No, we're going to give them a scare when they come back." Lucky said. "Hopefully they remember shooting us down."

They didn't have to wait long. Within the hour a group of the invading Vikings came into the camp, with a huge leader about twice the size of Kraken leading them. He stared around the camp like he was trying to remember something.

Lucky almost laughed at the comical look that spread across the Viking's face. With a start, he realized all the dragons had escaped. He barked out orders to some of his comrades and they scampered off. Soon he was the only one left.

"Ok, Blade." Lucky whispered.

As silently as the night, Blade slipped behind the leader and roared as loud as he could.

The Viking nearly tripped in his haste to escape. He turned to stare at Blade and his eyes got wide.

So they do remember him. Lucky thought. They remember shooting down a Night Fury with unusually large wings.

Blade spread his ripped wings dramatically and hissed. His icy blue eyes were narrowed to slits and he looked ready to, at any time, attack.

The leader Viking ran as fast as he could go, screaming.

"Good job, Blade." Lucky said. "Now back to the village."

** LATERâ€œ| .**

Needless to say, the village was under attack. Luckily, Lucky's side seemed to be winning.

"Whoa." Lucky said as he saw some of the houses burning. "I think we got here just in time." He nocked an arrow.

With loud battle cries, he and Blade joined the fight.

The invading Vikings were strong. They could challenge some of the toughest Berk dwellers and most of the time; win.

Blade liked to sneak up behind them and launch a stream of fire at them; catching their clothes on fire. Most of them ran off, their butts on fire, and jumped off a cliff into the freezing cold waters below.

Syrenady came flying into some burning houses on Legacy, both of them screaming bloody murder and throwing sharp, flaming objects everywhere.

"I think we're winning." Leaf said, suddenly by Lucky's side. "Most of them jumped off the cliff like some absurd lemmings."

"Yeah, I sure hope so." Lucky muttered.

The battle continued on for a few more minuets until there were only ten invading Vikings left. The villagers surrounded them.

"Get out of our village, go back where you came from, and never come back!" Kraken yelled at them.

The group began herding them toward the cliff where most of their comrades had jumped off of.

"Go on. Jump." Kraken growled.

Much to everyone's surprise, the Vikings gave them an evil smile, and one by one jumped headfirst into the water some fifty feet below.

"Does that seem suspicious to anyone?" Leaf asked as everyone stood in a weird silence. "I was expecting them to break through our ranks and run for it."

Lucky carefully looked over the edge of the cliff.

There were at least thirty barrels of something stacked on top of each other, leading almost up to the top of the cliff. And as Lucky watched, he saw a thin trail of something dark colored leading down the side of the cliff to some rocks just above the water.

"What is that?" Lucky asked. Some movement caught his eye.

An invading Viking was standing with a torch near the far end of the dark substance. He put the torch to the stuff, and it began to burn. Lucky watched in disbelief as the flame traveled up the line of the dark stuff.

"What is that?" Syrenady and Leaf were suddenly at his side. "What are they planning to do?"

Kraken took one look at the barrels and flame and turned around screaming, "EXPLOSIVES! RUN!"

Everyone in the village turned and ran as fast as they could.

"Legacy! Come on! We've got to put that flame out!" Syrenady shouted, hopping up on her Nightmare. They flew down to the flame as it worked its way along the cliff wall.

Some of the Vikings began to shoot at them with steel tipped arrows. Legacy and Syrenady were forced to retreat.

"What do we do?" Leaf asked, looking ready to run too.

'I don't know, I don-' Lucky trailed off as he felt the small bottle in his pocket.

He did the only thing he could think of at the timeâ€|he threw it at the flame that was dangerously close to the barrels stacked under the cliff.

The bottle broke on the rocks directly in front of the flame, spilling a slightly green liquid on the dark substance. When the flame reached it, it fizzled out and died.

"Wow, Lucky! Great aim!" Leaf said happily. "We stopped the flame! Go get those Vikings, you guys!"

Syrenady and Legacy swooped down at the barrels and knocked them all over into the water.

"Come on, Blade. Let's get them!" Lucky jumped up on Blade, who awkwardly glided down to where a group of Vikings were gathered. They knocked them all into the water.

In less than ten minuets, all the invaders were taken care of.

LATERâ€| .

"Lucky, Syrenady, you saved our home." Kraken said a bit later when Leaf had convinced everyone that it was safe to go back to the village. "I can't thank you enough."

"I just thought of somethingâ€|" Lucky said. "â€|When Blade and I were shot down, I think they were aiming for you, but got mixed up on which dragon you flew. You were suppost to die that day."

It all seemed to be getting clearer for everyone in the village. "Oh, I get it!" Leaf said.

"I think you two are in for a reward." Kraken said.

Twenty minuets later Blade had caught five fish at the beach. Lucky was drawing in the sand nearby when Blade came and dropped the fish on him.

"Oh, wow, already?" Lucky asked. "You've gotten better."

Blade nodded and then frolicked in the water, drenching Lucky even though he was a good twenty feet from the water.

"Who's enjoying this reward more, you or me?" Lucky demanded, picking seaweed out of his hair. "You're not allowed to have fun! Get back here!" He joked.

They chased each other all over the beach until they barely had enough energy to walk home.

**END*_*

***Ok, that was probably my shortest fan fiction ever. Merry Christmas. Review, 'Pleez' :D ***

Oh, yeah, and happy birthday to a few people. XD

End
file.